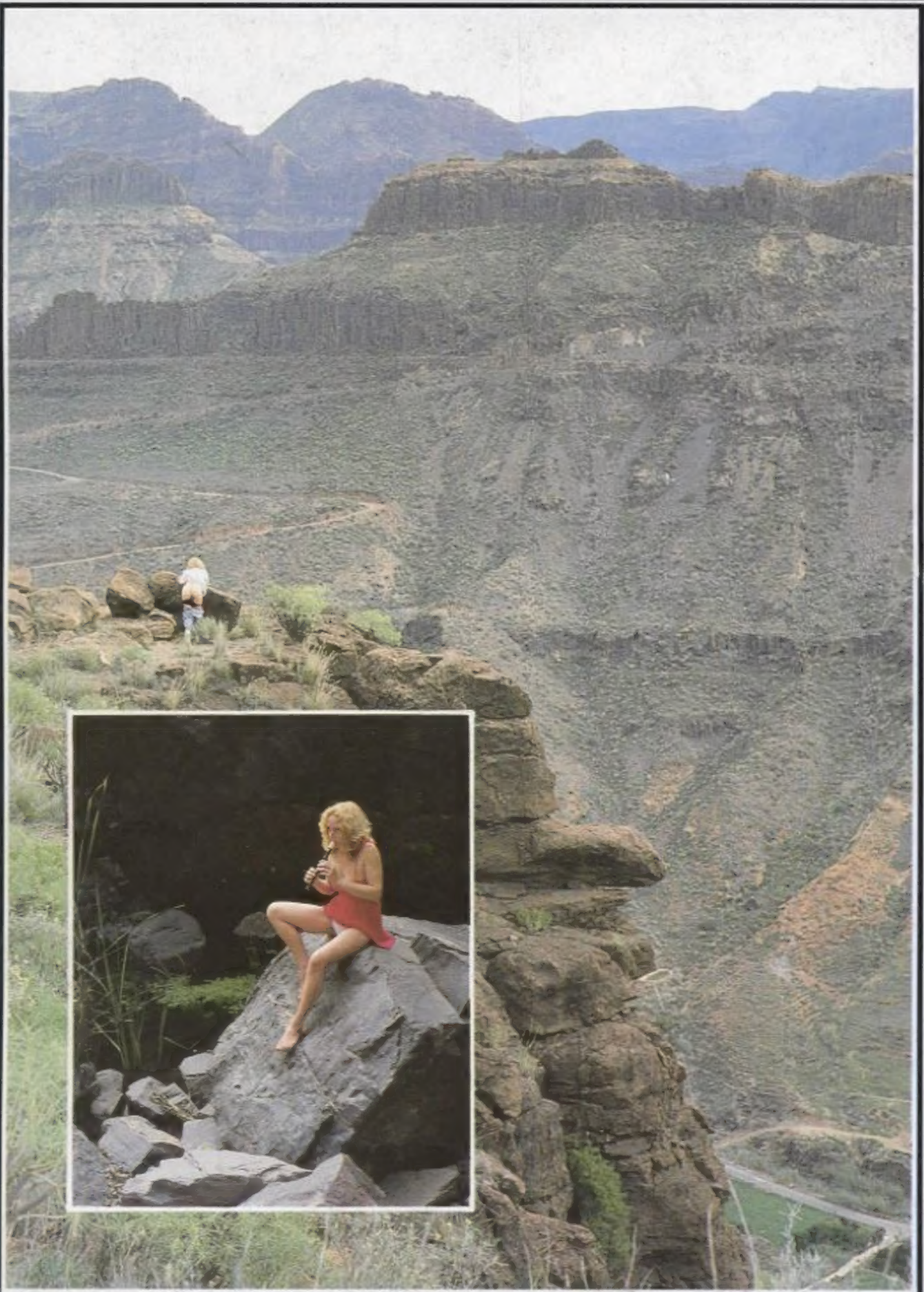


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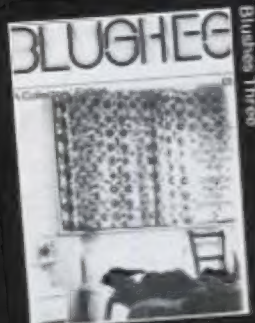
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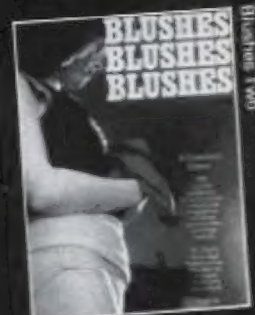
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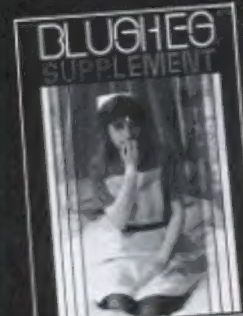
Uniform Girls One

Crisp uniforms with  
soft, susceptible girl's  
inside them. A girl  
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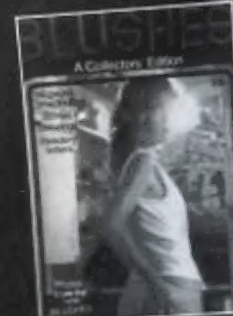
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# BLUSHES 66

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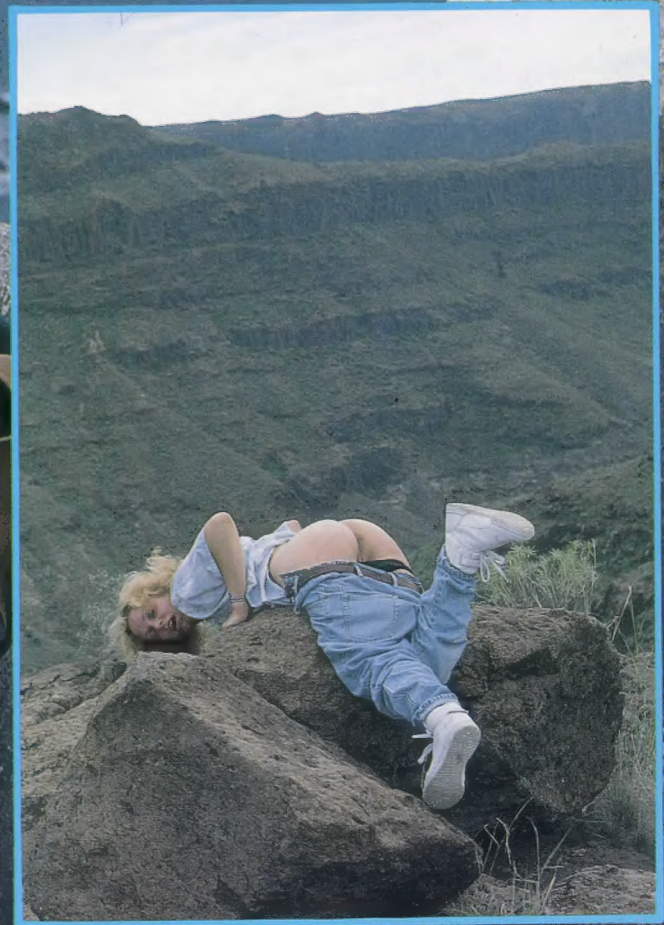
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# JANE ON GRAND CANARY

## RED-HOT PERFORMANCE

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Breakfast time on Day Three. Jane is looking really fetching in a blue check shirt and pale blue jeans, her curling corn-blond hair freshly washed and her full mouth softly emphasised with pale pink lipstick. The big blue eyes have a slightly wary look though. As she wonders what Day Three here on Grand Canary will bring.

And straightaway Bill Rawlins, when he joins Jane at their table, tells her. 'We've got him back today. Mike is going to do another shoot.'

'No! Oh No!' Jane vigorously shakes her head, sending the blonde curls swinging. 'Oh Christ! No!'

No, Jane is not at all keen on a

reappearance of Mike. Not after Monday, their first day here, when she had to do that stuff with him. Yesterday with just Bill was not nice, as he did his best to get the same as Mike. And succeeded to a considerable degree. Jane had to perform with Bill as she had with Mike. Screwing, and the rest. But even though Bill is keen to do those things to her he is not as bad as Mike. Mike scares her.

Bill laughs. 'I think you like him really. And if you don't want Mike, don't forget we haven't got one of the local lads yet.'

'No!' Jane's blonde head vigorously shaking again. Yesterday Bill had the

marvellous thought of hiring one of the local youths who are everywhere offering their services. To do a shoot with Jane, including Bill said, some heavy shots. The youth caning Jane and then screwing her. Maybe having her suck him off. To Jane this idea is really *dreadful*. *Disgusting*. Even worse than the prospect of more shots with Mike. Bill didn't press it yesterday, but only because Jane in desperation kept him off the idea by doing everything he wanted. Including screwing Bill twice. And sucking him off. Jane certainly wouldn't have done any of that if she hadn't been so scared Bill was going to go ahead with his awful proposal.

Bill, pouring himself some coffee.













shakes his head. 'Don't be silly. We've got to be professional dear. It's nothing to get excited about.'

No, Bill didn't press it yesterday not with Jane being so cooperative and letting him get into her. But he is very keen on his great idea. It will be a big turn-on watching Jane with one of these young lads. Even more so if she isn't keen and clearly Jane *isn't* at all keen. Yes he is definitely going to have her with one of these no doubt extremely horny youths. He can keep her nice and sweet with the thought of it for the moment. Nice and sweet and prepared to put out. Because Jane is a really fantastic fuck. She hasn't done a lot if it in the past apparently. Just the boyfriend Ian. Now there has been Mike and himself in the last couple of days and it is evidently something of a new experience for her.

'Mike should be here shortly,' Bill continues. 'Then we'll go out. It looks like another great day, eh? Think of all those poor characters shivering back home. The poor old editor. And your boyfriend. I saw on the news they've had some big storms. How is that boyfriend, Jane? He was going to ring you last night.'

Jane says 'OK'. Ian did call last night and said how awful the weather had been — and how he was missing her. It was awful for Jane to talk to Ian after what she'd had to do with Bill. Not to mention also with Mike the day before. If Ian guessed she was getting into that sort of thing he would go berserk. Ian doesn't even know about her spanking and caning, which is going to come out in BLUSHES magazine. Ian doesn't know about BLUSHES. What if someone saw it and showed it to Ian?

Jane hasn't really considered that awful possibility. But at least she hasn't slept with Bill. Not yet at least. Bill suggested they might move in together last night but didn't press it when Jane said no. No, she hasn't slept with him yet. Just screwed him several times. And sucked him off. Oh Christ ...

Bill asks if she has written anything yet. Jane shook her head. She is supposed to be writing a piece for the magazine, about her holiday out here. An edited version presumably. But not being a very keen writer Jane hasn't started this yet.

Bill says she had better get on with it — or she is going to get her bottom spanked. Again. And caned too. In her

piece Jane has got to ask the readers for ideas for stories which the magazine can shoot. Stories in which of course Jane gets spanked and caned. And no doubt other things as well. It's alright for her to say she doesn't like being spanked and caned — which of course is the truth. The readers won't mind that Jane doesn't like it. In fact a lot of them will prefer it that way. It will make it more spicy.

\* \* \*

Oh No! Oh Christ!

Jane doesn't say it out loud but to herself. She is being left alone with Mike again. Out here in this beautiful spot halfway up the mountain overlooking a deep ravine and miles from anywhere. It is a different place from yesterday, the other side of the mountain, and they've left the car and walked again. Bill has shot some pictures of Jane but now, like yesterday again ... he is going to go off and leave her with Mike.

They've no doubt arranged it between the two of them. Or more accurately Mike has persuaded Bill. What Bill has told Jane this time is that he has to go and get his other camera which is back at the hotel. But it is just an excuse, Jane knows it is. So that she is left alone with Mike. So that Mike can have another go at her. And if Bill is going back to the hotel he could be *a long time*.

Mike grabs her as soon as Bill heads off back to where they've left the car. 'Don't!' Jane yelps. But of course there's not much point saying that. She struggles weakly as Mike pulls her tight against him, one big hand sliding in the crack of her bottom through the flesh-hugging blue jeans.

'Lovely Jane! I really missed you yesterday but I was busy. So no one's picked you up yet and carried you off? To be put in one of those brothels and fucked by all those ... those horny black men. Eh Janey? They'd all be flocking in from everywhere once the word was out. All wanting to get at his delicious new piece of fresh blonde meat. Mmm?'

'Cut it out!' she yelps. 'It ... It doesn't really happen. Does it? You're just kidding me.'

But Jane *does* believe it happens and also that Mike knows these people who kidnap girls, maybe even is part of the gang himself. Just like in the story

that they're shooting. She would like Mike to deny it but he doesn't. He wants to have her again of course. Fuck her. And if Jane is scared that it's all real then she is going to let him, that's no doubt what Mike thinks. And of course this is *true*.

Mike says they can do a few more shots, with Bill having left his other camera and the tripod with them. Some shots of the two of them. Of Mike roughing Jane up a bit because she's not being very cooperative. In the story Jane has been told that if she cooperates and goes quietly she will only have to spend two days in the brothel. Then she'll be returned safe and sound to Ian. So just two days of being fucked day and night, that is all! Then it'll be all over. This promise is supposed to persuade Jane to go quietly but Jane hasn't done that. She has tried to escape a couple of times. So now they're stopped at this deserted place and the big guy who is Mike is going to sort her out. Take Jane's jeans down and really wallop the hell out of her bare bottom. And after that ...

'Come on, Jane, we want to give the BLUSHES readers some good shots of you. Over this rock with your jeans down. And your knickers, if you're wearing any under the jeans.'

'Don't!' Mike's hands are grabbing at the belt of her jeans.

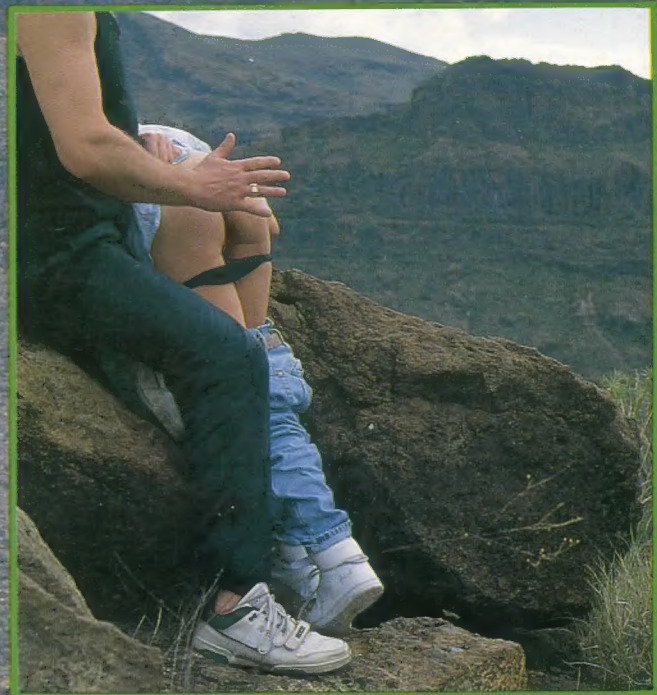
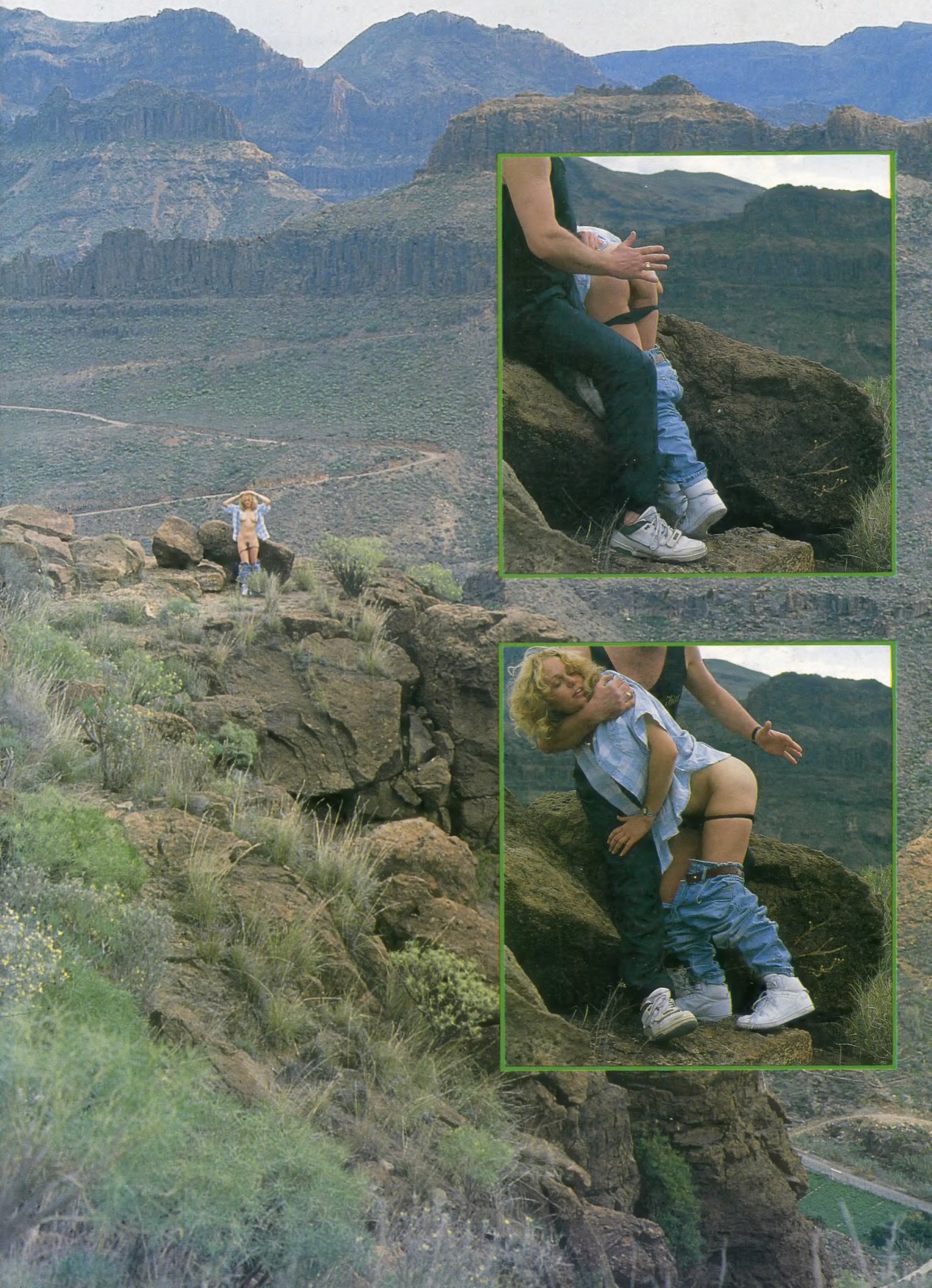
'I ... Oh Christ. I'll do it. If we have to I'll take them down. But you don't ... have to hit me. Not for real.'

Mike backs off and Jane undoes her belt. Then the zipper. Why did she ever get involved in this? she asks herself, for perhaps the hundredth time. She knows Mike *is* going to want to belt her bum. That big meaty hand slamming down on her bare backside. Oh Christ ...

Yes Mike does. Of course he does. Slamming Jane's bare bum will be a very heady pleasure. Of course he wants some more shots of it too. And also he will want ...

The camera shots first. He poses Jane over a convenient rocky outcrop. With her jeans down and her little black knicks pulled down too. Jane leaning over so that she is looking down into the ravine. A lovely pose. Jane's bare bottom bulging ripely out to the camer. Mike tells her to bend further over. As far as she can, and with her legs slightly parted. It is a superb







pose which gives a clear view of Jane's pussy.

The camera moves in close ... *click ... click ... click ...* Recording every little detail.

OK. And now ... some spanking. Jane does need the real thing, Mike says. So that she can fully enter the role she is playing. So she can feel she really *is* the girl who's been abducted. That is how Mike explains it: his need to wallop Jane's bare bum. She's got to have the real thing, not just pretend it. And not only that:

'Also all those BLUSHES readers want to see you with a nice red bum, Janey. They'll want to see it really *humming* *bot*. You know what I mean?'

Mike is about to demonstrate what he means. With Jane still bent over the ledge he has his hand on her bare bottom, stroking and squeezing it. The hand slides down and pushes in between Jane's legs, fingers reaching for her pussy. She doesn't try to resist. Having him play with her pussy ... is better than that hand walloping into her bum. She doesn't want to be screwed either (even less) but even that ... if it was *instead* of a hard spanking ...

'Please Mike ... No spanking ...' Jane's voice trembled.

'No? What shall we do instead then? you give me a nice suck?'

'No!' Jane squeals. Mike's fingers are working at her pussy. She doesn't want that. Not sucking him. Nor does she want to be fucked. But if it is a choice ...

It *isn't* a choice. Mike's hand comes away. 'You've got to have the spanking, Janey. But afterwards perhaps ... if you don't want *a lot more spanking* ... we could try something else, eh?'

Jane squeals out in anticipation, and then for real. As Mike's hand slams in. Mike can really hit a girl's bum when he wants to. That big hand ... with the heavily powerful right arm behind it. Each hit knocks the breath right out of Jane's lungs. Her breath jerking out in a shuddering yell. But there is no one to hear the yells, and wonder perhaps if a girl is being savagely murdered here. The tourists don't generally venture this far from the beaten track. These yells might have the odd mountain goat cocking his ears, but that is all.

Yes it is really dreadful. Mike seems to be hugging even harder than that other time. Jane's shrieks are interspersed with frantic cries: '*Stop! Stop Mike!! Stop!*' But Mike doesn't. Or at least not yet. He wants to get her really softened up. And anyway the readers want Jane's bottom really *glowing!* Don't they? Bright cherry red!

Finally he does desist. To reach for the camera. 'Hold that pose, Jane.' Mike's voice just a little breathless with his efforts. 'Stay bent over. I'll get a couple of shots. And then ... give you some more ...'

'No!! No Mike! No more!!'

'No? What then? What would you suggest instead?'

Mike wants Jane to suck him. Pulling her up and turning her round he offers Jane this alternative. She might have guessed it, if her mind couldn't only think about the fiery red-hot sting in her poor bum. Jane thinks about it now of course. She doesn't want to do it. But if it's this or more of the horrendous spanking ... Perhaps Bill will suddenly appear, and save her. But Jane knows he won't. Bill will give Mike plenty of time, to get what he wants. Of course.

Mike is telling Jane what he wants her to do ... and Jane is doing it. Undoing his belt. Pulling down the zip of his black jeans. Pushing down the jeans ... Mike backs down onto the ledge which moments earlier Jane was bending over. And obediently she gets down between his spread thighs. Mike's big stiff cock. She has it in her hands. Jane doesn't want to take it but she is going to. Dipping her head forward. Her pink-lipsticked mouth wide. As before there is the thought that she can't take it, it is too big. But ... it is amazing what a girl can amange, what she can get in her mouth. When she has to.

By the time Bill returns Mike has had all he wants. Jane is feeling a bit shaky, a little shivery, but it is over now. She has performed as required and is now properly clothed again. As of course Mike is also. Bill grins.

'Been amusing yourselves?'

Mike grins too. 'Of course.'

Jane tosses her head and, flushing, says, 'Shit!' Not very ladylike perhaps.

As Bill, grining still remarks.

'Well I don't like being screwed all the time.'

'Tut-tut' from Bill. 'But you're not being screwed *all* the time, Jane darling. Not even *most* of the time. If you think about it. Just be a nice girl. And how about giving me a little piece?'

Jane replies with something else that is not at all ladylike.

\* \* \*

*Two hours later:* In an attractive little cafe along the coast the three of them are consuming a sea-food lunch washed down with an excellent dry white wine. A bottle and a half of the wine have already been drunk and as a result they are all in quite a merry mood, Jane included. Yes, Jane is in decidedly better spirits. Bill at least isn't really all that bad, she thinks. And even Mike, with the memory of what he did this morning now a little blurred by the wine, is perhaps not a *complete* monster.

And another thing: Mike has just said he has to go off this afternoon, to attend to some business. So Jane won't have to endure any more of Mike, not for the rest of today at least. That *can't* be bad.

'I suppose you're heartbroken that we can't do any more shoots together, Janey,' Mike jokes, squeezing her thigh under the red tablecloth.

She smiles. 'Of course.' Then squeals as the hand reaches further up to feel her cunt. Jane pushes the hand away. 'What are we doing then, Bill? Maybe I should start that writing. Or can we go on the beach? I'd much *rather* go on the beach.'

\* \* \*

'Don't Bill. No ...' Jane's voice is a little blurry, the result of too much wine.

They are not on the beach and nor is Jane doing any writing. Jane and Bill are in a little room at the cafe. It is a simple, basic room furnished with a bed and a couple of chairs. After their lunch and with Mike departing Bill suggested that they have a siesta. No, not on the beach which was Jane's thought, it would be more restful in a pleasantly cool room. And the cafe had a room. *This* room.



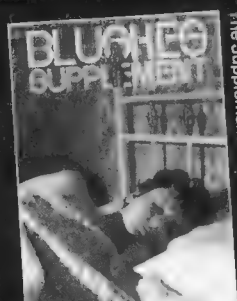
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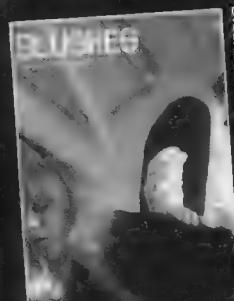
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## UNIFORM GIRLS £5

## BLUSHES £6







Jane and Bill are sitting on the bed. He has his arm round her and his other hand is squeezing one of Jane's tits. He has her check shirt partially unbuttoned and as Jane has no bra underneath it is her bare boob Bill is squeezing.

'No Bill ...' It is not so much what Bill is currently doing that Jane is saying no to but what he wants. He wants her to lie down on the bed. So that he can fuck her. Jane is feeling decidedly muzzy-headed from that wine, she was stupid to have drunk so much, but she is clear in her head what Bill wants and she doesn't want to give him it. No more fucking. She has had to fuck Mike this morning, and suck him as well. And yesterday had to do the same with Bill. She *doesn't want* to be doing it all the time. Not when she's got a boyfriend back home who would go *really berserk* if he knew.

'Come on, pretty Janey. Be a nice friendly girl. In a little while ... I've got a real treat for you.'

'What?' What is Mike saying?

Jane's mind in its fuddled state can't really concentrate on this idea. Nor does it want to concentrate on stopping Bill's design. If he is intent on fucking her ... she will probably

have to let him. The line of least resistance. And Bill *is* pushing her down on the bed. And then fumbling at the belt of Jane's jeans.

She can't stop him. Bill gets her jeans off. And the little black knicks. She *shouldn't* have had that third glass of wine. Not if she didn't want *this*. Which is Bill now fucking her. Jane's legs spread wide and Bill on top of her. His stiff cock up inside her. As he fucks her Bill says it again:

'Yes ... a nice ... treat ... Janey. After we've ... finished ...'

And when he has finished Bill won't let her put her jeans back on. Bill has pulled his own jeans up but he wants Jane to stay as she is. In just the unbuttoned blue check shirt. He is looking at his watch.

'He should be ...'

And there is then a knock at the door. 'Yeah. Come in.'

It is one of those boys. A smooth-faced youth of perhaps 17, slim and of medium height in singlet and shorts. One of the legion of local youths who are everywhere hoping to get a little part of that cash the tourists are all loaded with. Bill has evidently carried

out his promise, or threat. To hire one of them to get to grips with Jane.

'No Bill!' She squirms on the bed, pulling the shirt down in an attempt to cover herself. 'No!' Jane's head is clearing now alright.

Bill laughs. Going over to lock the door and coming back to the bed. 'Yes Janey. You're going to have a nice bit of fun. With our young friend here. Isn't he handsome?'

Jane squeals ... as Bill tells the youth to take his shorts off. And his underpants. Bill is getting his camera out. 'No!' Jane squeals again. Looking wide-eyed at the youth. He is in only his singlet now. He has a good-sized prick and it has come up. Sticking stiffly out. The boy's eyes are hot, eager, as he greedily takes in Jane's semi-nude body.

Bill tells him to get on the bed with her. Kneeling for starters. He wants Jane sucking the boy's prick. For starters.

'Come on, Jane darling. Let's have a red-hot performance.'

THE END





# THE CARTWHEEL GIRL





'You don't want to be sent down, Miss?' Mr Singley says. 'Expelled from college.' The pretty blonde-haired girl desperately shakes her head. The thought is unthinkable. She would die of shame. 'Well then, Miss Lamming, we will have to think of something else. If we can. Yes?' And Mr Singley's hand reaches round and squeezes her bottom. A deliberate, no-nonsense grope.

She gasps and automatically jerks away. Mr Singley's keen eyes become even more intense. 'We *don't* want to be sent down, do we, Miss Lamming?' Another desperate shake of the blonde head. She is trembling now. 'Well stand right here, Miss.' Indicating a point immediately in front of him. 'And stand still.'

They are in his room, Mr Singley

sitting behind his desk with his chair swivelled to face the side. It is 5 o'clock and afternoon lectures have finished. Students have very largely left, for their digs, to do some shopping, perhaps to spend time in a coffee shop. There will be one or two still in the college building, chatting in a corridor, but that is all. Amanda herself would certainly normally be gone, she is not one to hang around,







but today is an exception. With that note from Mr Singley who is her tutor. *'I should like to see you at 5 o'clock...'*

Amanda could half guess what it might be. Some sort of warning that she must do better. She has had criticism from Mr Singley regarding her essays, and indeed from one or two other lecturers. So Amanda was expecting some sort of warning. She has already resolved to make a big effort to improve but it is not easy. She is not a great genius to whom the work comes easy and she also has other demands on her time: a boyfriend and additionally she is on

the college hockey team. She has told Raymond that she's got to spend more time with her work, and also told Miss Fothering who runs the hockey team that it is difficult to find time for the practices. But of course neither Raymond nor Miss Fothering really wants to listen. They each know what *they* want. They each want their piece of pretty, 19-year-old Amanda. Amanda with her tallish, splendidly developed and athletic body. Those rather large but firmly jutting breasts. And the ripely rounded bottom ... which Mr Singley has now in his room at a little after 5 o'clock on this dull Thursday afternoon in June suddenly

and shockingly groped.

Amanda is trembling from the shock of Mr Singley's hand and also from the shock of his words moments earlier. She has expected a reprimand, to be told to pull her socks up, figuratively speaking, but not ... that threat of expulsion. It has left an empty, nauseous feeling in the pit of her stomach. Almost as if someone had punched her there. Zombie-like she does what Mr Singley has told her. Stumbles forward again to stand close in front of him.

*'That's better, Miss. I'm sure you don't want to be sent down. Although*

















with your dreadful record you should be. Take your knickers off, Miss Lamming.'

This last sentence is delivered in a quiet, not-emphasised voice which in a way makes its shock value even greater. She can't believe he has said it. But Mr Singley has. He repeats it, more sharply. *'Take your knickers off, Miss.'*

The pretty face framed in the thick mass of ash-blonde hair is suddenly bright pink. The full, lightly-lipsticked mouth opens, to show even white teeth, and then closes. The blue eyes blink. 'Wha .. Wha ...' now comes from the pretty mouth.

'Take your knickers off, Miss.' Mr Singley's voice a harsh hiss now. 'Or I shall send in the recommendation for your expulsion *right now*.'

'H .. Here ..?' she stutters. And is told, 'Yes. Right here, Miss. Take them off.'

Mr Singley *can't* tell her to take her knickers off, it is unthinkable – but the thought of being expelled is also unthinkable and for all Amanda knows he can and will do that. Frantic jumbled thoughts whirl through her head. One thought is what a girl she knows, Stacy, has told her. Stacy was in trouble with her landlord about the rent and he suggested that if she didn't have the money Stacy could pay in another way. He wanted to fuck her in other words. Stacy said she would have had to let him, but she was finally able to get a part-time job and pay it off. Is this what Mr Singley has in mind? Telling her to take her knickers off. Mr Singley is fiftyish and not at all attractive, a thin face with glasses and eyes that look at you in a certain way. Look at Amanda's well-developed tits for one thing. That thought – that Mr Singley perhaps wants to screw her – makes Amanda feel really sick. But the thought of being expelled ...

Amanda's hands have finally moved. In the welter of frantic thoughts in her head is one which says she has no choice but to comply. Whatever may happen. Trying not to look at Mr Singley, her eyes looking straight ahead and not focussing, Amanda's hands slide up, under her dark skirt. Up the sides of her thighs to her flanks, her knickers. Fingers fumblingly at them ... And then the knickers are coming down. A brief

white garment appearing below the rucked-up skirt. 'Right off,' Mr Singley says. He sounds as if he's licking his lips.





The room seems to be dipping and rolling as Amanda's hands fumble the knickers off over first one shoe and then the other. The shapely, athletic legs lifted one by one feel as if they are made of rubber and are simply going to give way, cease to support her. But somehow that doesn't actually happen. Mr Singley is holding his hand out for the knickers.

'That's better, Miss. 'He placed the crumpled garment on his desk without really looking at it and then ... his hand comes round again. As it did that first time. Only now it is lower, at the back of one knee. But sliding up, sliding up under Amanda's skirt. Up the back of one silky smooth thigh. 'That's better, Miss,' he repeats. Amanda stands trembling on the shapely legs which are finely muscled and fit but nonetheless are going to give way. Because Mr Singley's smoothly advancing hand has reached her bare bottom.

The hand cups it. Cups one warm soft cheek. Fingers sliding in the cleft between the two cheeks. Amanda's breath comes out in a sibilant, unbelieving hiss.

Quietly, in that same licking-his-lips voice, Mr singley says, 'This, Miss. if you're not going to get a recommendation for expulsion I shall have to deal with this.' The hand jiggles the soft bare cheek. 'The cane, young lady. I can offer you the option of the cane. On your bare bottom.'

Mr Singley's hand is holding her bare bottom: Amanda's mind is still scarcely able to grasp this impossible, unthinkable thought. But somewhere in her frantic head says: at least he doesn't want to screw you. Caning ... would not be as bad as that. As it would not be as bad as the unthinkable humiliation of being expelled from college. Because dreadful as it would be, no one would know, no one except Mr Singley and herself would know that he has caned her.

'All right, Miss?'

Amanda doesn't answer. No words will come out of that pretty mouth. The dreadful hand is still there, jiggling her intimate bare flesh in a sickening way. All she can do is stand still, with this faint feeling and her blood thudding in her ears.

'Yes, Mis. If that is preferred I think

we can arrange it. No one will need to know, naturally. I shall do it in private of course.' The hand gives the cheek of Amanda's bottom a pinch and lets go. But it doesn't come away. It slides round Amanda's bare flank under her skirt ... to her front.

'Aah .. aaahh ..!'

'Keep still. No need ... to get alarmed.' Mr Singley's hand is at the soft curls. The blonde bush at the top of Amanda's thighs which is now of course, like her bottom, bare under her skirt. His hand is there ... and the fingers are sliding in between her thighs. Amanda gives a convulsive squirm. She is desperate to push the hand away. But ...

'Keep still, Miss. Keep still, Miss. Keep quite still. This is a lot of your problem, mmm ...? Getting too much action here, is that it? That boyfriend

'No!' Amanda gasps. She can't help it, her hand jerks across over her skirt – to indecisively try to stop Mr Singley's hand which under her skirt is holding her pussy. 'Take that hand away,' he barks. And after a moment's hesitation Amanda does. She is very close to bursting into tears. The hand is right in between her legs. One finger is at the wet cuntal lips.

'Yes, young lady. Much too much action here I am afraid.'

Sunday morning. The sports field. There would be no one here on Sunday morning, Mr Singley said and there is no one. Only Amanda. Standing nervously at the gate. She is in a pleated hockey skirt plus white short-sleeved blouse. White ankle socks and sneakers. This is what Mr Singley has told her to wear. With a skimpy pair of sports knickers underneath – and no bra. With a leer he said he wanted to see her do some exercises first. As she was supposed to be such an excellent athlete. After that he was going to use the cane on her. 'When you're nice and warmed up, eh young lady?'

It is five to 9. Nine o'clock Mr Singley said but in her nervousness, anxiety, Amanda is here early. There has been no thought of *not* turning up (though definitely a panicky desire to run away – from college, everything – but that is not a real option). So Amanda is here on this quite pleasant morning

– or at least it would otherwise be pleasant if there wasn't this dreadful ordeal in front of her. Inevitably she has been able to think of nothing else ever since that dreadful Thursday afternoon when she had to take her knickers off in Mr Singley's room ... and then stand in front of him like that with his dreadful hand first of all at her bare bottom and then even worse fingering her cunt. Inevitably with his hand at her bottom and then there she had got moist ... and Mr Singley's dreadful fingers slipped in. And though hating it Amanda had got more aroused, more wet, as his fingers found her swollen clitoris. 'Yes, just as I thought, Miss Lamming. You've been getting much too much action here. That is no doubt why your work is so bad.'

No. Amanda has been able to think of nothing else. That mind-zonking interview with Mr Singley and what is to take place now, the result of it. Naturally she has not been able to say anything to Raymond because what good would that do? It would make things worse because Raymond would want to do something – and anything at all could simply mean that Mr Singley would send in his recommendation for expulsion. So Raymond has no idea – except that it has been evident that Amanda has been in a very low mood. 'We mustn't see each other so much,' Amanda has blurted out on a couple of occasions. But ironically she has also yesterday, Saturday evening, let Raymond fuck her. That is something Amanda will only very rarely agree to, in spite of Raymond being eager for it virtually all the time. Miss fothering, coach of the hockey team, is very much against fucking: it takes the edge right off of a girl's game and will ruin her general fitness. Miss fothering, thirtyish and slimly attractive but not at all keen on the male sex, is especially keen to dissuade the good-looking members of her team from indulging in sexual intercourse. Especially Amanda who is the best looking and with the most stunning figure. Perhaps Miss Fothering thinks that if that stunning body needs arousing then she, Lis Fothering, is the one to do it rather than any fumbling male.

Generally speaking Amanda takes the advice to heart – it anyway reinforces moral advice from such as her mother and the vicar that a girl should not indulge. But last night, with the thought of this morning to come, Amanda couldn't. She needed what Raymond was so eager to















provide. Afterwards of course Amanda was in tears and tearfully said that perhaps they'd better stop seeing each other.

It is two minutes to 9 when Mr Singley appears, walking from where he has parked his car. Smiling that leering, licking-his-lips smile when he spots her. Coming up, close, as Amanda trembles. Perhaps she *should* have run away. Gone off somewhere, disappeared, and got a job waitressing or something. Mr Singley squeezes her bare arm. 'A lovely morning, young lady. Eh? Just right for a spot of vigorous exercise. Don't you think?' The hand leaves her arm ... and slides down and then up. Under the front of Amanda's short pleated skirt. To take hold of her pussy through the brief sports knickers. Automatically Amanda jerks away ...

'Don't be *silly*, Miss. We mustn't be silly, must we?' The hand comes back ... and this time Amanda makes herself stand still. Trembling but still. 'That's better, Miss Lamming.'

Some long moments – an age – to be endured and then the hand lets go. 'Right. Must get on, mustn't we?' the hand takes Amanda's arm and Mr Singley walks her in, through the big iron gates. 'Now Miss Lamming is going to give a little demonstration of her physical skills, yes? I have heard it rumoured that she is a bit of a gymnast.'

How has he heard that? Through Miss Fothering perhaps? Amanda has done handstands and cartwheels for Miss Fothering in a jokey sort of way – although for Miss fothering, who suggested the performances, it wasn't really a joke, not from the intent look on her face as she watched the ravishing display of limbs, of those marvellous thighs – and also no doubt the brief crotch of the knickers between them. As Miss Fothering has also looked avidly at what is on show at times in the hockey changing room and in the shower. This look of Miss Fothering has not registered with Amanda, though. And it is not likely to register now, since Thursday, when the only thing she can think of is ... This dreadful man. Her tutor. Who now says, 'Let's see it then., go through your routine, young lady.'

Mercifully there is still no one else out here as Amanda is forced to go through a routine of handstands and cartwheels and all the rest. Amanda is

very good although of course big for a gymnast. Big especially in terms of those marvellous tits which this morning are unconstrained by even the lightest of bras under her blouse. Amanda is good, she did gymnastics at school and normally she would enjoy going through her paces. But not for Mr Singley. Mr Singley whose rivetted eyes are determined not to miss one second, one millimetre, of the mouth-watering thighs, the rounded but muscular buttocks in the skinpy white pants, and of course the tightly delineating crotch of those pants too. Mr Singley who watches it all with such intensity and then says to red-faced Amanda when at last she stops for a breather, 'Very good. And now I'd like you to go through it all again. This time without your knickers on.'

\* \* \*

A little room in the basement of the gym building. 'No one will be down there on a Sunday morning. And I'm sure you wish for privacy,' Mr Singley has said after Amanda had done her second run through of the handstands and cartwheels and all the rest. Doing it and shutting her mind as best she can to the awful reality ... of what Mr Singley can now see at every cartwheel, every handstand. At last that was over but there is now the other ordeal. The real one you could say. Because down here in this little room Mr Singley is going to do the caning. a Amanda in her blouse and skirt and ankle socks and sneakers but nothing else because she has already had to take the knickers off for Mr Singley outside in the sports field. Amanda to be bent over this table top. Her skirt slid up over her back. For that cane ...

A squealing gasp as it slices in. Biting into those tender cheeks unwillingly thrust out over the edge of the table to receive it. The pain takes Amanda's breath away – breath which bursts out in that squealing gasp. Her whole body shuddering. 'Keep *still*. And don't be so noisy,' says Mr Singley's smug but excited voice. 'Big girls don't make that noise. And you are a big girl, aren't you?'

As he speaks he slices the cane in again. Onto this magnificent, trembling rump which now bears a bright red transverse stripe from the previous stroke. The second lands almost on top of the first. Another shuddering, gasping yelp. Mr Singley's eyes are shining. The cane is

transferred to his left hand ... and the right takes hold of the shaking, squirming rear. It feels red hot where the cane has landed. His hand strokes.

'How does it feel, young lady? Are you enjoying it? Are you?' Amanda emits a whimpering gasp, almost a sob. The hand slides down ... in between her legs. Perhaps it is the shock of the cane but she is wet. Fingers slide in between the wet lips.

'That's two, Miss. I'm giving you 12 altogether. Do you think that 12 will be enough to get you working properly? Do you?'

Amanda lets out another sobbing yelp. Her bottom is throbbing red hot already after two. The thought of ten more ... And there are also those stroking fingers at her hot cunt.

'And I don't want you rushing back to that boyfriend immediately after, Miss. I certainly don't want that. Understand?'

\* \* \*

In fact it isn't Raymond that Amanda sees later but Miss Fothering. Miss Fothering who comes round to Amanda's digs. This is a surprise, a shock even, because Miss Fothering has never come there before – although Amanda is still in too much of a shocked state from Mr Singley's caning to respond to the shock of Miss Fothering's sudden presence. But there *is* a shock that Amanda shortly responds to. Miss Fothering it seems knows about Mr Singley. Knows about the caning. And that isn't the only shock. Miss Fothering with this knowledge wants something. Something that Amanda hasn't even dreamt of.

END







# LUDMILLA DISCIPLINED

The Colonel sat in front of his stove reading his Pravda. He was in his fifties, a heavy-set man with close-cropped grey hair, in civilian shirt and trousers because he was retired now. With the momentous changes which had taken place, many officers of his generation were being retired when barely a year ago they would have continued in the service well into their sixties. Not that the Colonel was particularly disgruntled with his lot. His pension was sufficient to live on and he had his little flat. And he also had his interests.

He frowned at what he was reading. It was amazing what you could read nowadays. Amazing. The country turned upside-down. Not all of it for the worse of course, but many aspects made a man like himself, an upright citizen who had spent all his years in the service of the State, shake his head. He blinked his eyes at the account of the lawless behaviour of some young people in one of the provinces.

**Young girls who came flocking into the towns. To the bright lights, such as they were. Like pretty bright-eyed birds, innocent-eyed and ripe for corruption.**

The country's youth: that was an especial interest of the Colonel. And in particular ... young girls. The temptations they were now exposed to, with the decadent influence of the West sweeping across the land. Young girls who came flocking into the towns. To the bright lights, such as they were. Like pretty bright-eyed birds, innocent-eyed and ripe for corruption. A committed citizen who had given his life to the State had to be concerned. He had to do what he could.

And by the good fortune of his position the Colonel **was** able to do something. To have an involvement. Because he had his contacts. Lines of communication. Lines of supply.

The Colonel glanced at his watch. A life-long army training placed premium on punctuality. His supply line **was** usually punctual.

Yes. A few minutes later there is the ring of the flat's entrance-bell. Almost exactly on time. The Colonel gets to his feet. At the door is a man in the khaki uniform of the KGB. He has with him a teen-aged girl, a pretty brunette of medium height. She is in a skimpy dress of red-and-white

check, short-skirted and sleeveless, tight to her youthful body. Her big dark eyes are wide with apprehension.

The Colonel smiles. And indicates that she is to go on into the flat. In the narrow doorway the girl has to pass very close to the Colonel and as she does so his big hand briefly grips a cheek of her round bottom. The girl gives a frightened little whimper.

There is a short exchange between the Colonel and the KGB-man, who is told to return for the girl in two hours. He grins, then goes back down the unpainted concrete stairwell.

The Colonel closes the door. He does not really approve of the soldier's grin. What he has to do with the girl is for her own benefit, and also for the benefit of the State. As is the case with all the other girls the Colonel has brought to him. They are not brought here simply for his own pleasure. But the KGB-man's grin may not have implied that; quite possibly it is simply a comradely grin, from one military man to another.

**Yes the man has made an excellent choice in picking her up.**



The girl is standing uncertainly in the living room, eyes darting here and there. She is an extremely pretty young thing, with a nicely rounded figure in the skimpily tight dress. Yes the man has made an excellent choice in picking her up. It is the usual non-specific charge: loitering. Virtually any young person out on the street can be picked up under that category, they didn't need to be doing anything.

Yes she was just how the Colonel liked them: a lovely young girl of perhaps 17, innocent looking, impressionable — and undoubtedly in need of a sharp warning.

The Colonel produces an avuncular smile, and tells her she has no need to be frightened. She will not be dealt with too severely, not if she is cooperative. He asks her name. It is Ludmilla.

'Ludmilla! Lovely. A fine old Russian name. Good. Would you like some coffee, Ludmilla? Then we're going to have a little talk. You're going to sit on my lap and we'll have a nice little chat.'

**He can feel he is getting an erection already.**

The Colonel goes to make the coffee. He can feel he is getting an erection already. It is just a normal reaction of course, the response of a healthy male in his prime to the close proximity of this lovely young girl. The fact that the Colonel is getting an erection does not mean his interest is in any way improper. The erection is merely incidental.

He takes the coffee into the other room and places the two cups on the table. Then beckons the girl.

She comes hesitatingly forward. His big hands close on the slim, bare upper arms. Pulling her close.

'No. No need to be frightened Ludmilla. How about a nice kiss, eh? First of all. To show this is all nice and friendly.'

The Colonel fastens his lips on the soft warm mouth. Pulling the flinching girl close against him and at the same time thrusting his tongue into the warm wetness of Ludmilla's mouth. His erection is rampant now. One of his hands slides down to the girl's taut bottom. Clasp a soft round cheek through her skimpy clothes and rubbing her hard against















his quivering stiffness. The girl gives a fluttering moan.

**He backs down onto an upright kitchen chair, keeping hold of the girl and pulling her onto his lap.**

The Colonel at last removes his greedily invading tongue. His face is several shades pinker now, with the natural excitement of getting to grips with this ripe young girl. He backs

down onto an upright kitchen chair, keeping hold of the girl and pulling her onto his lap. Sliding her bottom onto the hot stiffness in the centre of his lap. Manoeuvring her to get her soft flesh nicely placed, with his erection jutting into the split between the bottom-cheeks.

'Now then, young comrade, we must have our talk. About young girls who are out on the streets. Looking for

excitement, is that it? A lovely young girl with her juicy body displayed in this revealing little dress. Looking for excitement, Miss? And looking for sex?'

The Colonel has his hand at the ripe young tits which are thrusting firmly out in the bodice of the red-and-white check dress. Ludmilla has nothing underneath, no bra, there is just the firm flesh of her youthful tits.



She is not trying to stop his hand of course. All she can do is take whatever is coming and hope that her cooperation will make it easier. That is all a girl can do if she is picked up by the authorities. The fact that the Colonel has **no** authority is not a nicety Ludmilla is aware of. And even if she were it would make no difference. There would be no point at all in trying to make a complaint about someone like the Colonel.

She is attempting to deny what he is saying, though. That she was out on the street looking for sex. Hoping for the ultimate, a Western tourist ready to pay for sex with foreign currency or a fancy present, but if not that then sex with anyone else who can pay for it. Ludmilla is gaspingly attempting to deny this, as the Colonel now transfers his hand from her tits to her thighs. The plumply rounded thighs which are revealed as her short skirt

rides up — and is pushed up. The Colonel dismisses the denials. His hand now thrust high up into the heat between the soft thighs — which naturally Ludmilla does not attempt to prevent. No, Ludmilla may not want it but she allows her thighs to be pushed slackly open. So that the Colonel's fingers can get at the crotch of her knickers. A brief strip of nylon taut-stretched between her legs, the diaphanous knickers which





are Ludmilla's only undergarment. The Colonel's eager fingers rubbing at her barely contained moist opening.

**Ludmilla is a nice girl but not a particularly reserved one. She has a boyfriend. And when she is in the mood she lets him do what the Colonel is doing now.**

Ludmilla gives a whinnying moan. There is not only the hand but as well the Colonel's big stiffness under her bottom. She wasn't out looking for sex. Wanting to sell herself to any man who would pay. She had just been out with her girlfriend, to have a good time, perhaps meet some boys. Of course almost any girl dreamt of meeting a Westerner. And if you did and he wanted to take you to a hotel ... would even a nice, reserved girl refuse? Ludmilla is a nice girl but not a particularly reserved one. She has a boyfriend. And when she is in the mood she lets him do what the Colonel is doing now. Masturbating her. His fingers now in the tight crotch of her knickers. In her slippery wetness.

Shuddering, she squirms her hips. There is nothing she can do, she can't stop what the Colonel is doing. And with his fingers right in her, working at her most sensitive parts, it is inevitably having an effect. Arousing her. Ludmilla's breath gasping jerkily out as her womanly hips begin to writhe and thrust against the forceful fingers.

She can't help herself. The Colonel has got her going. Ludmilla's ripe young body, with a will of it's own, is rising inexorably now. To an orgasm.

But when she is almost there, with shuddering wailing cries and solid rhythmic thrusts of her hips ... the Colonel stops. His fingers abruptly withdrawing. And in the next moment he is rising, unceremoniously removing her from his lap. Ludmilla was on the point of coming and now ... she doesn't know where she is. Her legs are like rubber and won't support her. She grabs the chair for support.

The Colonel is on his feet now. His big hand delivers a heavy slap to Ludmilla's bottom.

'Enjoying that, were you? It was what you love, eh: a man's fingers in your snatch? But you can't have that all

day. You've got to have something of the other. The cane, young comrade. Yes, the cane on that hot little bottom.'

The Colonel takes Ludmilla's arm and marches her into the little spare room. It is virtually bare, the only piece of furniture a small splay-backed wooden chair. With a cane leaning against it. A solid-looking rattan cane.

'Stand against the back of the chair, Ludmilla. And lift your skirt up. Right up round that slim waist.'

The Colonel has picked up the cane. His erection is still in full flower, distending the front of his trousers. It would be surprising if it were not, for the Colonel is a healthy man in his prime. A man of the normal healthy instincts, untouched by any effete decadence of the West. Yes, a normal healthy man with a pretty young girl and a cane in his hand and a rampant erection. His face just a little flushed with excitement.

**To reveal the skimpily diaphanous pink knickers inadequately covering the twin cheeks of her bottom. She yelps as the heavy cane taps the back of one thigh.**

Ludmilla, still shaking with the shock of what has happened, has got her skirt up. To reveal the skimpily diaphanous pink knickers inadequately covering the twin cheeks of her bottom. She yelps as the heavy cane taps the back of one thigh. It is only a tap and her cry is more fear of what is to come than from any immediate pain.

'Get down, young comrade. Head down over the back of the chair. And this fat little bottom sticking nicely out. We'll see how it likes it, shall we? With your pretty knickers up first of all. And then ...'

Ludmilla, making gaspy whimpering sounds, is doing what she has been told. Bending down over the low back of the wooden chair. Her brunette head close to the seat, her hands gripping low down. And of course her ripe young bottom jutting nicely out. Stretching the diaphanous little briefs in a most enticing manner.

The whimpering sounds abruptly change into an anguished screech:

**'Aaaaiyyaaaaahhh!!'**

As the Colonel zips the cane wristily in. A heavy, searching shot squarely across the full meat of Ludmilla's ripe rump. Across the taut-stretched nylon and also, where the tip of the cane lands, the exposed flesh of her flank.

**'Aaaaiyyaaaaahhh!!'**

She has managed to keep her position, to hang onto the chair, but Ludmilla's rear is lunging and squirming as she attempts to come to terms with the red-hot sting.

The Colonel has come in close, the cane transferred to his left hand. His right cups one of the writhing cheeks. 'How was that, young comrade? Warm you up a little, did it? Of course you were rather hotted up before. Eh Miss? A naughty girl with her pussy all hot and eager to go. Eh?'

Ludmilla gives another strangled yelp. The Colonel's hand has slid in between her thighs and is at her pussy again. At the hot wetness there. The fingers roughly rub her up and then the hand is withdrawn.

'Righty, Comrade Ludmilla. Are we ready for another ...?'

**This time she can't help it**

Ludmilla squeals in anticipation. Seconds later there is the shuddering, anguished screech again. Noisily announcing the second searing cut of the cane. This time she can't help it, with this stroke horrendously reinforcing the continuing effect of the first, and jerks half upright.

The Colonel sharply orders her back down again. **Immediately.** He has only just begun, he says. And maybe it is time now for her to get her knickers down. Yes, it **is** time for Ludmilla to get them down.

\* \* \*

The KGB-man returns promptly on time to the drab block of flats. The Colonel as an old soldier is a punctilious, reliable time-keeper and always has the girls ready. Two hours is anyway quite a long time, plenty long enough for what the Colonel wants to do.

Yes, Ludmilla is ready. Fully dressed now and ready. She may have had everything off a little earlier — the skimpy little knickers and the tight-





fitting frock, her shoes too — but she is dressed again now. Her big dark eyes perhaps with a slightly desperate look, but her ordeal is over

now. Isn't it?

Yes. Unless the KGB-man, now giving Ludmilla's recently-caned

bottom an intimate squeeze in the deserted stairwell, fancies a little action himself.

END



# AFTERNOON PLEASURES

Susan with a little tingle of excitement smiled at herself in the bathroom mirror. Smiling at the pretty young woman with the luxuriant almost black mane of hair tumbling onto her bare shoulders. Yes she was good-looking, pretty. Attractive to men. But when you were married you could sometimes doubt it. With your husband going off every morning with just a perfunctory kiss; to those probably glamorous girls, fancy-free and unmarried, at the office. Your husband who wasn't interested in talking much and certainly not in telling you that at 25 and after three years of marriage you were still very attractive.

Yes a girl could sometimes wonder, with no one at all exciting to see all day, just the milkman who certainly *wasn't* exciting, or the man at the supermarket. A girl could wonder, maybe even get a little bit despondent, desperate even. But not today.

Susan smiled again, feeling again the tingle of excitement ripple through her. No, she wouldn't feel despondent today. Maybe she would feel guilty later, afterwards; but she *wasn't* going to feel guilty. If Susan felt a little pang of guilt she would thrust it firmly down, out of her mind. And of course there might not be anything to feel guilty about. She was only being taken out to lunch. She didn't *know* anything was going to happen afterwards. But if it did, if he wanted to take her somewhere afterwards, to a hotel ... Susan wasn't going to feel guilty. If he wanted to screw her.

Because if Mark talked to her more and said nice things she wouldn't be doing this. Going out; having lunch with another man. She would have said 'No thanks I can't' when he smoothly asked her at the dance. But Susan hadn't. She had said after a little hesitation, 'OK'.

Susan had never ever done this before. Had never had lunch with another man. And of course had never let another man have her. Fuck her. Not since she and Mark were married. And maybe nothing of that sort would happen today. Maybe she wasn't going to fuck Mr Winford. Maybe it would only be lunch in a smart restaurant. She didn't know. But whatever it was she wouldn't have that despairing feeling today. Susan felt again the thrilling tingle up her spine.

She got up from the bathroom stool, with a brisk toss of her head which sent the mane of hair swinging and then settling again about her shoulders. It was time to get ready. For her secret and thrilling little date.

She had already decided what to wear. It was a warm day outside so something cool—but sexy. Her gauzy cream-coloured muslin blouse and matching wrap-around skirt. With a slip underneath of course otherwise you could see right through. See Susan's boobs and bottom. See also her stocking tops and suspenders. Because she was going to wear a pair of sheer seamed nylons and a sexy suspender belt. With her smart navy-blue patent leather high heels.

Stockings and a suspender belt were sexy, or most men certainly thought so. Mark did and older men especially did. Mr Winford was older of course. Fiftyish. Susan had bought a sexy new suspender belt. Pale eggshell blue with wide straps of ruched silk. She knew Mark would really be turned on if he saw it. If he saw her wearing it: Her full, rounded bottom set off by the pale blue silk suspender belt tautly fastening her sheer stockings. But Mark hadn't seen the new suspender belt. It was Susan's little secret.

Was Mr Winford going to see it? In a hotel room somewhere?

It wasn't a hotel room, it was a friend's flat. A friend of Mr Winford. Ronald Winford but Susan couldn't think of him as that, he was Mr Winford in her mind. He was in Mark's company, one of the senior executives, attractive in an older man way. Tall with steel-grey hair and a confident, appraising look. Susan had been briefly introduced to him earlier, at another function, before the dance two nights ago when he had smoothly and confidentially asked her to have lunch. And now today in the restaurant Mr Winford quietly but confidently said across the table in the corner of the smart dining room that they would go to this flat afterwards. For coffee.

Susan's heart performed a little summersault. So it was going to happen. He was planning to screw her. After this expensive lunch that she was really too excited to notice properly. Mr Winford was going to screw her. She should say no of course. No, she couldn't go to someone's flat for coffee. She couldn't go there to be screwed. But of course Susan didn't say that. Only smiled a slightly embarrassed smile. Blushed a little possibly.

Yes she was going to be screwed. And she was going to let it happen. In this flat. The excitement was almost overwhelming. Driving with him in his big black Mercedes. Trying to control herself, to keep calm. She wasn't going to do something stupid, faint or something? Because her heart was really racing. She wasn't going to faint when she had to perform? On the bed. Or wherever he wanted to do it.

In the flat. It is a beautiful, expensive flat but again as in the restaurant Susan cannot concentrate her mind on it. There is only the one pervading thought: she is going to screw Mr Winford. In just a few minutes now presumably. Susan is trembling like a leaf.

He takes the light coat she has slipped on. Giving Susan that confident sexy smile.

'Would you like coffee first, Susan? Or perhaps we could try something more interesting?'

They are standing in the living room now. Susan shrugs. Tries to think of a response. Her mind flits to her sexy









suspender belt. Mr Winford *is* going to see it. Oh yes.

'We could of course do something really interesting. Really exciting. I wonder if you've ever tried it?'

Susan doesn't know what he is talking about. Some sort of quirky sex? She has never done anything much out of the ordinary with Mark. Just the conventional position usually. Mark on top of her.

'And actually, Susan, maybe you *should* have it. A taste of it. For being a naughty girl, eh? For coming here. I'm sure your husband would think you should have it for coming here.

Susan shakes her head. forcing a smile. She is lost for the moment.

'The cane Susan. I'm talking about the cane. A caning. Your really exquisite bottom. You see I've got a

nice whippy cane that really *loves* pretty young women's bottoms. It gets quite hungry for them.'

Susan can't believe it. *No!* her mind with a little difficulty getting hold of what Mr Winford has said, what he is talking about. He is talking about *caning her*. Caning her bottom. Susan shakes her head again, this time more vigorously, sending her soft black hair swinging.

Mr Winford grins. 'Oh yes Susan. I think so. Yes I really do. You do need it. And my cane needs it too. He hasn't had a pretty bottom for ... well quite a few days. Certainly not one as pretty as yours.'

'*No!*' she yelps. 'No ...'

\* \* \*

In the bedroom. Susan can't believe this. But Mr Winford *is going to cane her*. He has that dreadful cane which

he has placed on the bed. And she ... is standing with her skirt up round her waist. Just the thin muslin skirt. Not her slip. Susan has had to take the slip off. So with her gauzy skirt up round her waist there is just the sexy pale blue suspender belt holding her stockings, plus her tight white knickers. And her navy high-heels. Susan is standing still, erect, shoes neatly together.

Mr Winford is going to cane her. He has already hit Susan with the cane once. When she tried to say she couldn't, she wouldn't, let him do it. Mr Winford simply hit Susan across her ripe rump. A vicious cut that took her breath away. That was through her skirt and the slip and Susan now has her skirt up, her slip off. There are just her knickers, tight to her ripe bottom. The cane like that, in just the skin-tight knickers will be ... devastating. Killing. This is ... impossible.





'So you've never had it before, Susan? But I expect you know – or maybe you don't – that a girl can get quite a taste for the cane. Once she's been trained to it. A taste for the cane's fierce kiss, eh?'

Susan makes a bleating sound. She *can't believe this*. Mr Winford has not brought her here to fuck her. Instead, unbelievably, it is to cane her. It is scarcely possibly for Susan's mind to accept this development. *No*.

'Stand against the wall, Susan dear. And lift your arms up. Holding your skirt. Or maybe we should take the skirt off? yes that's lovely.' His hand is at Susan's bottom. Stroking.

'And what a marvellous bottom. Almost made for the cane, would you say? And this wonderful suspender belt. yes. Shall we ...?'

Susan gives a frantic little whimper. Mr Winford is sliding her knickers down. Baring her bottom. He is going to cane her bare bottom. Has she realised that until now...?

**THWATT!!**

'Aaaaiiiyyaaahhh ...!'

The cane has suddenly, devastatingly, sliced in. One moment his hand was there and the next ... this searing cut.

The pain is *killing*. The sharp, cutting pain squarely across the twin ripenesses of Susan's nude rear. Her hands shoot automatically down, to grab at her now red-hot flesh.

**THWATTT!!**

'Aaaahhhaaaaahhh...!'

The cane cutting sharply in again. And this time it is Susan's desperately clutching hands that get it.

'Aaaa ... Aaaahaaaaahhh ...!'

'Get your hands back up then. You've got to learn discipline, Susan. That's the first thing with caning. Discipline.'

Blubbing almost, Susan raises her hands again. Because if she doesn't ... She can't possibly take another like that across the back of her hands. But equally she can't take another across her bare bottom. *No!*

**THWATTT!!**











'Aaaiiiyyaaaahhh ..! No .. ooo ...  
No!!'

It is impossible. A nightmare. Susan

babbles scarcely intelligible sounds.  
Pleading for it to stop. She is crying  
now. At the same time.

'Aa..hhaaahhh ..!' His hand again. On  
Susan's scorching rear. Mr Winford  
is in close, his face bending in.





*"Are you getting there Susan? Beginning to feel it. That little tingle. Is it turning you on?"*

*Susan can't answer. Not in the state she is in. Is he going to do any more? She can't take any more.*

*blue suspender belt. He is making her get up on the stool. Kneel up on it, with her hands on her head.*

*'There. Like a naughty schoolgirl, eh. Sent to the Headmaster for insubordination say. He makes her*

*good fuck. but Headmasters aren't really supposed to do that. So the good fuck is probably not on. Instead what the head has in mind is ... a very good caning. A caning which will make this delicious schoolgirl not want to sit down for a considerable*



*'Come on. Up here.'*

*Mr Wunford is leading Susan to the dressing table stool. With her knickers still lowered halfway down her thighs. Her bottom bare, and her pussy too. Set off by the sexy light*

*kneel on the stool with her knickers down. Waiting for her punishment. What is it going to be? No doubt the Head could fancy this well-built 17-year-old with the fantastic bottom. Not doubt he could fancy giving her a*

*time. Yes? Eh Susan?'*

*She can't stand it. More tears are welling out. Mr Winford is just trying to torture her. With the awful things he is saying and then with the cane.*





*He is going to give her some more with the cane.*

Oh yes.

**THWATT!!**

*'Aaaieeeeeyyaaahh ...!'*

\* \* \*

On the bed. Lying on the little bed on her front. Susan's legs wide. The lowered knickers stretched taut by her parted legs.

There are more red stripes across Susan's bottom now of course. Those angry red stripes left by the fierce kiss of Mr Winford's cane. Susan whimpering into the pillow.

Is Mr Winford finished with her? Or is there to be still more kissing with that diabolical cane? Or alternatively ... might Mr Winford now want something else? It *might* now be the other, Mr Winford finally wanting it. After his excitement with the cane.

But Susan doesn't want it now. Not after that caning. She did want it, the excitement of it and to get back at Mark, her husband. A headily exciting fuck. But now now. It is the last thing she wants now. A fuck with Mr Winford now would be almost as bad as the cane. Because that stinging cane has turned Susan really off it. But ... if Mr Winford does now want it.

END









# JANE ON GRAND CANARY

## NATURE GIRL

Breakfast again. Their fourth morning. Or is it? Your mind can lose track. That is what Jane thinks. And what are they going to be doing today? She is in her yellow dress again, looking fresh and crisp.

'I read your letter,' Bill says. 'Pretty good. A few spelling mistakes but they can take those out in the office. Or maybe they could leave them in, it might look cute? Sweet Jane with her super tits and bum who can't spell.'

'Cut it out,' Jane says. 'I can't help it if I can't spell every word in the language. *No!* Tell them to correct it. I don't want to seem dumb.'

'Of course it's a very *edited* account. I mean you mention spanking and caning, but nothing else. Nothing about that boy at the cafe for instance. You were really hot stuff with him, Janey dear.'

'Don't!' she yelps. Jane doesn't want to be reminded. It is almost like a dream, an awful dream. With that boy on the bed. Sucking his cock. And then screwing him. Half drunk with the wine and only half aware of what she was doing. But in her half-fuddled state really turned on. Really loving it. Going wild. And aware, but as in a dream, that Bill is there watching.

'No!' she squeals again. 'Don't mention that. You got me drunk. I didn't know what I was doing.'

Bill laughs softly, remembering the scene. Jane in frantic action. 'You were really switched on. Really going. I got one or two *great* shots.'

'*No Bill!* Let me have that film! I'll burn it! You can't put that in the magazine.'

Bill laughs again. 'What's it worth, pretty Janey?'

What it is worth is Jane being nice and cooperative. Up in Bill's room. Saying she'll do *anything*. Somehow, in the state she was in, Jane hadn't realised Bill had his camera in that room at the cafe. *Christ!* So yes, she'll agree to just









about *anything*. Just about.

'A smacked bottom first,' Bill says. 'A girl who hasn't learnt to spell at school needs to have her bottom smacked. *Really hard*.'

Jane groans. But she isn't going to argue. Bill sits on the bed and she allows herself to be pulled face-down over his lap. The yellow dress is yanked up round her waist and her little white knicks are pulled down.

'You shouldn't have worn any,' Bill tell her. 'To save the bother of taking them down.'

'Aaaaaoooooooooww!!'

Bill's hand has cracked in. Perhaps not as hard as Mike has one but nonetheless a real stinger. Followed by another. 'No Bill! No!'

But Bill has a firm grip on Jane's writhing form while his right hand continues to crack in.

'No? What then? A taste of the cane instead?'

But Jane doesn't get a taste of the cane. Because she agrees to a taste of something else. Kneeling in front of Bill as he sits spread-legged on the edge of the bed. With her bottom glowing from the spanking but at least it is not going to be *that cane* on top of it. Jane would do almost anything to avoid another taste of the cane. Certainly she will do this. A big mouthful. Of Bill.

'Lovely ...' he murmurs.

\* \* \*

Afterwards they go down to the pool. Bill tells Jane she has earned a little relaxation, for being such a good girl. They are going to take the rest of the morning off. And then this afternoon: he has a special treat for Jane.

Jane, stretched out on her front on her beach towel, groans. 'I don't trust you any more. It'll be something dreadful. It's bound to be.'

'How can you say that?' Bill asks. 'When I've been so nice to you. Promising not to use those shots of you with the boy. Maybe I *should* use them.'

She gives a little squeal of fright. 'OK. Tell me.'

'You won't believe it. But this afternoon we've got Mike's twin brother. To do a shoot. They're almost identical. You can hardly tell them apart. He's called Pascal.'

\* \* \*

Is it a joke? Jane can't believe it's not Mike. He's wearing different clothes but he's *exactly* the same. Or seems to be. But they both insist he's this Pascal, not Mike. His voice is a bit different, harsher. But it could simply be Mike putting it on.

They go out in the country and Bill takes some shots of Jane playing a pipe. In a skimpy little red dress and then in just a pair of little white knickers. Dancing and playing the pipe, she looks just like the girl in that film, Bill says. 'That French film: *Manon Des Sources*, is it? Nature girl.'

Jane is still wondering about Mike/Pascal. And also what Bill will want to shoot with him. It will be something painful no doubt. Or at least unpleasant. Bill is not going to want her to screw him, is he? She really *doesn't* want to have to screw him, whether he's really Mike or not. *Christ*. She's already done it with Bill this morning. This trip is becoming nothing else except screwing. And sucking. And being spanked and caned of course.

Jane thinks of Ian — and immediately tries to push him out of her mind. Ian would go ... *bonkers* if he knew. Oh Christ. She feels a bit tearful. They had some wine at lunch time and that makes you get emotional. Well look at yesterday. *Christ*. Though she didn't have as much as yesterday. She won't be like that again.

Bill says Jane can stop dancing and pretending to play the pipe. He's got some really good shots. Now he wants action with Pascal. Pascal will be the Mike character in the story. No one will know the difference. Bill wants more shots of the Mike character giving Jane a hard time. Spanking her bare bum for a start.

'Haven't we got *enough* of those shots, Bill. *Please*,' Jane moans.

Bill asks if she would rather shoot some brothel shots. They could hire a room somewhere and he could get a whole lot of these local boys. To fuck Jane on the bed, one after the other.

Would she rather shoot that sort of thing?'

Jane shakes her head. She *does* feel like crying. Bill puts his arm round her. 'Well then, let's get on with some nice shots with Pascal. Nothing much. Nothing to get excited about.'

The shots are similar to ones they've done before. With Mike. Though Jane half believes this is Mike anyway. Similar shots but not *identical*. Every shot is different. Every click of the shutter shows a slightly different angle of the delectable girl-flesh. The ripe jut of Jane's bare bottom. The intimate glimpse of her putting pussy. Yes every angle, every pose is different and they're all *great shots*. Those connoisseurs of girls' bodies who are keen BLUSHES readers will *love* all these shots.

And after the spanking Pascal/Mike *does* want something else. The spanking no doubt arousing him. Jane, over his lap, has been aware that's he's got a big erection. And for starters he now wants Jane to suck it.

'No!' she squeals. 'No Bill. You ... You can't *use* shots of that anyway ...'

'Don't worry,' Bill tells her. 'I could always sell them to another mag. In the States for instance. They really go for suck shots over there. So don't worry about that, Janey.'

It is Mike or his twin brother? Does it make any odds? When they want the same thing. And Jane has to oblige. With Bill there. Bill with his camera.

\* \* \*

In bed. With Bill. Jane's big doublebed that she has had all to herself those other nights. But tonight there is Bill here with her. Because he's got those shots of her. With that awful boy yesterday and now with Mike. Jane was sure it really *was* Mike, it was just their silly joke to pretend it was his brother. But anyway Bill has those shots and Jane can't afford not to be nice and cooperative. Which means ... letting him come to bed with her. Just tonight he said.

Jane is on her back and Bill is stroking her pussy. She doesn't *want* him to do it of course. But it *does* feel good. You can't help it feeling good. His fingers there, where now she is all wet. No you can't help it feeling good ... so you might as well relax and enjoy it. If











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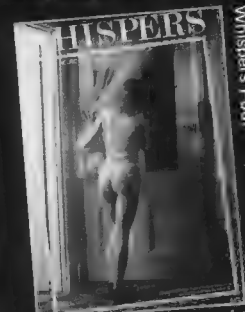
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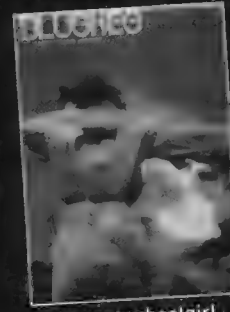
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Hard Times.  
Hard Lines.  
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Convent Novice in  
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and shorts.



Blushes Sixteen

Reluctant schoolgirl  
exhibitionist.  
Sent upstairs!  
Bedroom caning.



Blushes Fourteen

Humiliation and caned  
bottoms at school.  
Waiting and getting it.  
The spanked secretary.



The Supplement Eleven

The Crammer.  
Sent to Bed.  
Spanking initiation.



Whispers Three

Maid to measure.  
Caned in the 'Inner  
Circle'. Fund Raising  
Activities.



Uniform Girls Seven

Scottish lass in  
trouble with music  
teacher. Ballet  
students' lessons.



Blushes Fifteen

The cane and the  
teenage bum. School  
boiler room caning.  
Seduced!!



Blushes Seventeen

Punishment room  
humiliation. Youthful  
schoolmistress  
thrashed.









there's nothing you can do about it. When he's finished that of course, when he thinks he's got her worked up

... he's going to want to screw her. Well that will probably feel good too.

if you relax and let it. And what *else* can you do?

END











# JANE: ABOUT SCHOOL

School. They want to know about school. Interesting experiences. And by interesting they don't mean visits to museums or foreign exchange trips. What they mean is ... being caned. Or having her bottom spanked at least. Presumably a foreign school trip in which she got caned would be interesting of course.

Jane is in Mr Greene's office. Having a cup of coffee with Mr Greene and Mr Kingley. Mr Greene is the editor of course and Mr Kingley is a writer for the magazine. He wrote that story about Jane being on holiday on Grand Canary and getting kidnapped by white-slavers. Jane doesn't want to think about that, it was too awful. Well maybe the story in Blushes wasn't awful, it was what she had to do in the photo-session. With that Mike. And not only ...

No, she doesn't want to think about it. And mostly Jane has managed to more or less expunge it from her mind. So that most of the time now it is as if it never happened, it is just a shadow in her mind.

**He wants something else, and what he would like is: school. Jane's interesting school experiences.**

But anyway it is not Grand Canary Mr Greene is now talking about. He wants something else, and what he would like is: school. Jane's interesting school experiences. Being caned by one of the masters. Or at least having her bare bottom spanked. Or of course being screwed, that would do very nicely.

'You **must** have had something,' Mr Greene says. 'Such an attractive

schoolgirl would have been just too tempting. Someone must have taken advantage. Don't you reckon, Richard?'

Richard Kingley agrees that Jane would have been a major temptation as a schoolgirl.

'Exactly. OK Jane? So why don't you you and Richard go off into a quiet corner somewhere and you give him some nice stuff that he can write up. Then we'll have Bill shoot some nice pics. I daresay we can find a pretty good schoolmaster from somewhere who can put you through your paces. OK?'

Jane shakes her pretty blonde head. 'I don't really know ...'

\* \* \*

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